

picturesque house. All the inmates were there, and over a hundred of the villagers besides; and cooking, baking, spinning, carding wool, knitting, and cleaning swords and guns went on all the time. There were women and girls in bright red dresses; men reclining on bedding already unrolled on the uneven floor, or standing in knots in their picturesque dresses leaning on their long guns, with daggers gleaming in their belts ; groups seated round the great fire, in the uncertain light of which faces gleamed here and there in the dim recesses, while the towering form of *Qasha*, Ishai loomed grandly through the smoke, as the culmination of the artistic effect

The subject discussed was equally interesting to the Syrians and to me,—the dangers of the pass and the number of guards necessary. We talked late into the night, and long before I left the female and juvenile part of the family had retired to their beds. Again I heard of Hesso's misdeeds, of the robbery of 1400 sheep; of the driving off on the previous morning of thirty sheep which they were about to barter for their winter supply of wheat; of the oppressive taxation, 100 *liras* (nearly £100) on 100 houses; of the unchecked depredations of the Kurds, which had increased this summer and autumn, leaving them too poor to pay their taxes ; of a life of peril and fear and apprehension for their women, which is scarcely bearable; of the oppression of man and the silence of God. Underlying all is a feeling of bitter

disappointment that England, which "has
helped the
oppressed elsewhere, does nothing for us."
They thought,
they said, " that when the English priests
came it was the
beginning of succour, and that the Lord was
no longer
deaf, and our faces were lightened, but now it
is all dark,
and there is no help in God or man."

I now find myself in the midst of a state of
things of
which I was completely ignorant, and for
which I was